

Mossie



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As in prior years, this edition of *Mosaic* reflects a collaborative effort to provide a worthy outlet for authors and artists showcased. It is a year-long process: recruiting works, selecting the limited number of works we are able to publish and then choosing the best way to lay out the magazine. All the editors share a goal of offering a legitimate forum for undergraduate art and literature. Hopefully, *Mosaic* has somewhat proven that talent is not determined by age or major area of study. As an extension of the attempt to enhance the opportunities for OSU's campus - undergraduate students, graduate students, faculty and staff alike - *Mosaic* holds many events through the year, such as the art show and poetry and literature readings. These events sometimes allow students to share their works and, at other times, to learn of the work of other artists and authors.

Surely these ambitious intentions cannot be realized without a great deal of outside support. The Student Events Committee has proven invaluable to our efforts to hold such events. Their continued support makes much of what we do, such as the art show and the Albert J. Kuhn awards for excellence, possible. The Wexner Center Student Association has also assisted us greatly. Our board of faculty advisors - Lee Abbot, David Citino, Kathy Fagan and Michelle Herman - have been a positive influence on our efforts. Jeff Hustey, our graduate advisor, has given *Mosaic* more than can be mentioned here. His constructive criticism, knowledge, humor and active interest in the goals of *Mosaic* have been immeasurably helpful. Of course, thanks is due to all of our "Friends of *Mosaic*" both for their generosity and for their belief that *Mosaic* is an important and worthy publication. Many thanks to all of these individuals and organizations - hopefully this year's *Mosaic* proves itself worthy of your support.

Finally, it must be emphasized that there can be no magazine without the efforts and interest of the contributors to the *Mosaic*. We thank you for sharing your talent and encourage you to keep working at it. This magazine is yours - you are in control of its content and quality, and ultimately all congratulations are due to you.

Cara McCoy
Publisher/Editor

Cumulonimbus

Brian Chaffee

Winner of the Albert J. Kuhn Award for Excellence in Writing, poetry, 1994

I.

Could have sworn it was something different,
I swear--
crossing covered bridges while headlights splatter
broadly across rotten beams and graffiti,
standing bold in the beat of the night
cumulonimbus embracing eternity,
feeling some cold gnawing at the end of autumn--
never the knocking boards in wind obscure

the city lights like fireflies--

preoccupied your mind turns to orchids
unfolding in scattered moonlight. Describe them crisp
with impossibility and brimming
unfettered by the undertow of consciousness. Their lyric flows
in eddies and ice cream
to find the summer again,
one last time, I swear.

II.

I could have sworn. . . .
sometimes sensations--embrace scent or light--

remind me

and you're staring through the window,
screen keeping no memory out nor blinding me .
deaf. Either or it never happened. The screen reflects again

only the red-eye lattice
of insomnia, pathetic poet bleeding for bread,
eyes boring the metal mesh, viewing reality
through pockets of neon, intent upon stars
seeing only the sky--
those days wired too long
to suckle this poisonous formula
of neutrons and circuitry,
those days the bastard offspring
of virtual time in the data vortex
spinning
to feel the machine review

distant, her, kissed by innocence
open and face-up, reading
a library wall after hours, sketching
at the table or eating olives

until a final reconstruction. . .
the long path;
and return to the highway

III.

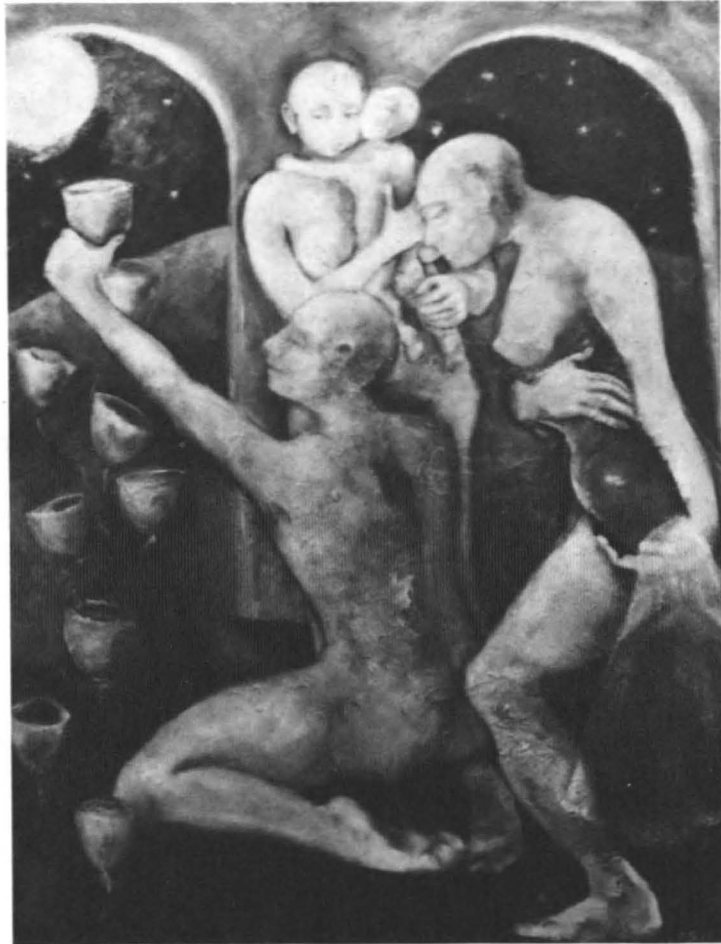
Could have sworn (for the last time, I swear)
that I put my finger on it later, beholding your soul
on a park bench left untended in a wilderness of
forgotten telephone poles. Night usurped the sky.

I touched gingerly that flash-fire image assault;
reconstruction remembered for the last time and
we basked in the snowfall and light.

In that paradox we cradled our eyes,
a new winter; a twist function positive,
this definition of a love song

Untitled

Melanie Candace Black



oil on canvas

4 x 2.75 inches

1st place, Mosaic annual juried exhibition, 1994

Broken Chair

Rachel Papo



black and white photograph

6.5 x 7.5 inches

2nd place, Mosaic annual juried exhibition, 1994

Portrait of W. Douglas Fowler

Benjy Davies



oil on canvas

35 x 35 inches

3rd place, Mosaic annual juried exhibition

A Blanket

V.
Lakshmanan

We met him at the government guest house in a forest reserve. The bungalow was nearly a day's trek from the popular hill resorts, a trek through pleasant but unimpressive country and it being off-season, we expected to be quite alone. Meeting him there was thus a kind of let-down.

It wasn't just his presence there that galled us, a bunch of sophomores in search of a rough weekend away from screwy exams and frustrated loves. His appearance and demeanor also had a part to play. Dressed in a white sweater, pants and shoes he appeared to be an educated, English-speaking, semi-Westernized person, the sort of person we'd have been comfortable with. Yet, his halting speech and servile manners put the hail-fellow-well-met bunch of us on guard. Somehow, he didn't fit in despite his relative youth and seemingly familiar background.

That evening, we made a bonfire, danced around it, sang ribald songs and stoked the fire in

between swigs of military rum. He remained in the bungalow; we ignored him throughout. He simply didn't exist.

Finally, feeling that I'd tanked up enough and fearing the loss of my sobriety, I went in even as the party outside continued. He seemed pleased to see me; his reserves broke down when I addressed him in Tamil. In Tamil, his speech was halting but not awkward. It instead had the odd beauty of a local dialect polished by years in a city. Talking in English with the bunch of guys had left a bad taste in my mouth and I was perfectly willing to talk to this ill-at-ease stranger.

We flitted from topic to topic; our talk was mostly banal but he was loosening up, and soon I found myself listening to his confidences. It was a fascinating tale - his life story I mean - that took shape as he talked in that attractive lovely style of his. His pauses and searches for the right words added charm to a story of grit and frustration.

He was, he told me, from a community of fishermen. That meant, in caste-conscious India, that he was from the backward classes. Going to school after long hours spent working on nets and in the sea was quite an ordeal but he had persevered and had barely managed to clear high school within the age-limit prescribed for joining a university. The quota system coming to his help, he had joined an agricultural course, planning (he said) to join the government afterwards.

His friends and kinsmen had seen him strutting around in tattered lungis and couldn't vibe with the pant-clad puccasahib who came to spend his vacations and earn money fishing. Old friends started moving away and his relatives whispered behind his back. His mother, now working twice as hard to foot his hostel bills, begged him to give it all up and return to his family profession. But he'd seen a different world, a far easier and more lucrative one and he was loath to quit.

University was no cakewalk either. It wasn't just the academics; of course, the subjects

were tough for someone just out of a corporation school but the loneliness was worse - it hurt. He was an average sort of student, he told me; he didn't play any game particularly well; his English was awful and his Tamil then was coarse. Smiling in self-pity he said that it was his lot never to be friendly with the people in whose company he'd have liked to pass his time. He admired the banter and the mirth of hostel life but it was mostly from the outside.

Having finished university, he got a government job. Life here was no different; the condescension and isolation continued. His mother having died, he lost contact with the people among whom he'd grown up; his return there inevitably aroused suspicion and envy and eventually, he gave up.

He married a girl with a background similar to his; in her case, her grandfather had broken out of his constraints but the events and people were too far back to have had any effect on her. She was as refined as, he said, any of us. She could move freely in society where he held himself back. An estrangement began as she lost

her patience with her diffident husband. And so, to escape the frustration of looking upon a world he couldn't join and the gnashing of a woman who no longer understood him, he came to the forest reserve every year. For the first time, his sojourn had been disturbed.

Actually, he was quite nice about it - our breaking in on his retreat, I mean. He saw in me a reflection of himself - it must have been something similar to what he had envisaged his wife to be in the early days of their courtship. My core, he suspected, was a lot like his though his was raw and smarted to the touch while I had taken care to cloak myself. With the satisfaction of having met an

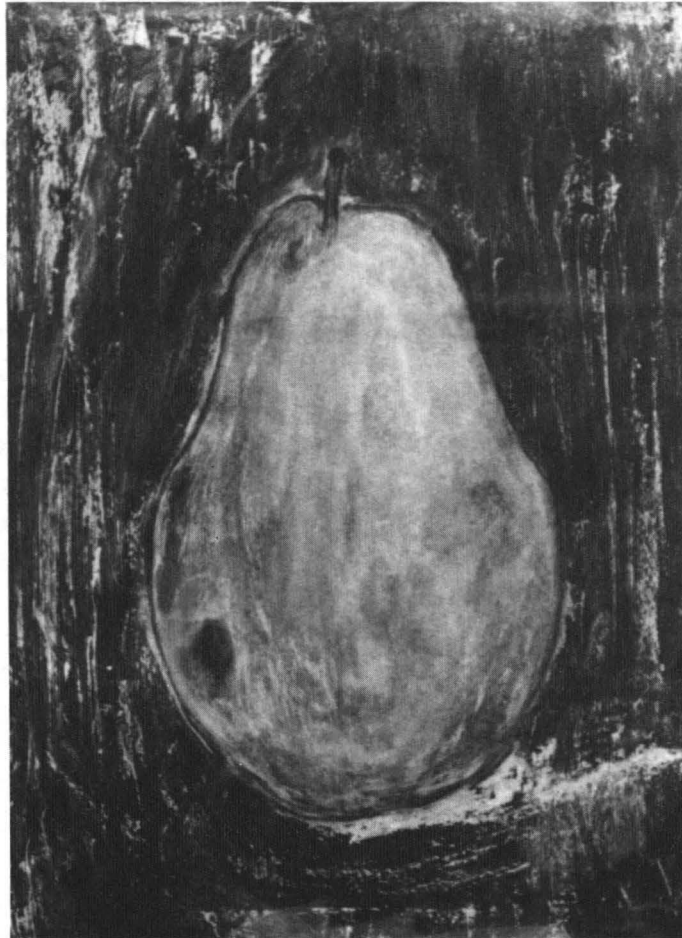
understanding stranger, he stretched out to sleep.

His body, used only to the humid air of the seashore, shivered violently. He murmured his thanks when I covered him with one of our blankets. Soon, he was sleeping the sleep of contented children.

Outside, the bonfire was dying down. The songs started sounding a lot thicker. Slowly, my friends came trooping in. The first thing they saw was the blanket. After a few heated moments, I drew the blanket off his sleeping form. He must have noticed though he didn't wake up.

Untitled

Jacqueline Popchevska



acrylics, cray-pas

17 x 24 inches

Home

Arathi S. Rao

A longing.
She seems so far away.
A lush land
where mud oozes between the toes of a smiling brown boy
whose teeth gleam in the sun
that scorches the blackened construction workers
who smoke cheap cigarettes
that perfume the crowded bus
where the pungent odor of perspiration mingles
with the soft smell of coconut oil
and the sweetness of jasmine flowers
that ancient women sell in the market
where stray dogs run and nip at
the white and pink cream bun
that a small girl holds in her hands
that reveal their palms
with a plea for grace
that flows through this land
of temples and smoky orange sunsets
that leave an incense soaked room darkened
atmosphere
where devotees seek to lose themselves
in the infinite eyes of a holy man
who has merged in the whole
which calls to all who will listen
to the heart
of a suffering child

Bad Habits

Naomi Cubarrubia

I draw in the stream
of cool, white smoke.

And yes,
I know it's killing me
slowly, and yes
I understand cancer
but that is only logic,
not desire,
and I want this:

the taste, the feel,
the way I own
one tiny corner
of my life clenched
in my fist.

I imagine Carol
across the table
giving me the same look
as when we were both
sixteen and free
from excuses.

"You know I only smoke
when I'm tense." The ash
would grow long,
the ribbons floating,
yellow and stained.
I'd fill her silence

with my apology: "He hit me.
He didn't mean to-- it was
the Drink. But he brought
a rose after, and even
said he loved me."

Yet my hand would shake
and make ember tremble.
Even in my mind
I can't meet her eyes.

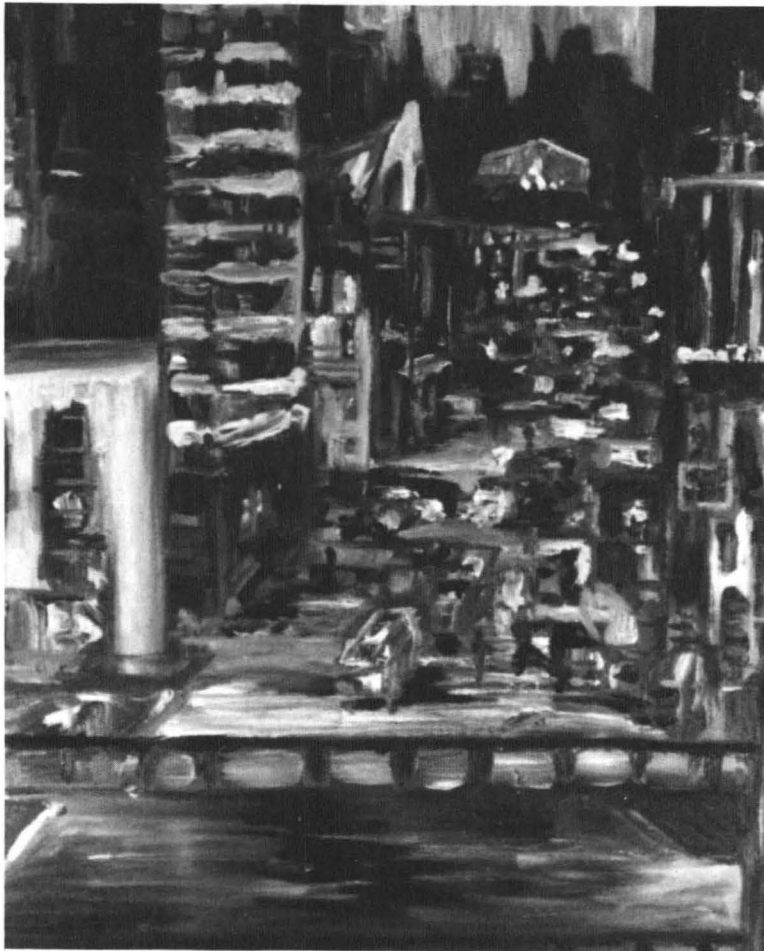
The smoke curls.
I draw a thick breath,
look only at the mess
spilling out onto everything.
Even here, all alone, I know.
I know. I know

I would change the subject
back too fast.

"I can quit
at any time." Like
I've said before.

Central Avenue

Brian Elston



oil on canvas

16 x 20 inches

Flight

Brian Chaffee

On wings of pure copper,
the techno-poet stretches
naked over native concrete,

hair tossed by cold,
burning memories of home,
evenings spent alone
crying scared;

mind untouchable save by
this sullen sky, his father's belt,
and dreams of the violent sea.

It's A Girl

Tricia Lunt

Mary, marry yourself a rich man,
you can cry in the shower
and smile pretty for company.
Get the man a drink when his fingers snap,
lay quiet at night, pretend you're sleeping.
Mary, have yourself some children.
Feed them full, then wipe their lips.
Accept each kiss they give,
and make believe they love you.
Mary, plant yourself white roses.
give your blood freely
to every greedy thorn.

Vessel 3

Cynthia Chriss-Knochel



ceramic

8.25 x 5 x 5 inches

Afraid of Matches

Amanda Warren

2 dimensional Carbon copy men with
paper dolls for loving wives,
living in their simple beige world of
cardboard cutouts and oat bran feed.
Posterboard houses on styrene grass,
and tissue flowers in well tended rows.
Once, plasticity bodies joined to form
well-adapted children with clear beige skin
(minds and bodies shaped by Captain N).
Wonderful children who will grow to have
joystick arthritis and watered down,
SPF 93 children who have never seen the brightness of the
sun
because someone believed that they'd feed off the flame
and burn suddenly and violently out of control.

The Dress

Brian Elston



oil on canvas

11 x 14 inches

A Sestina

David Otting

My roommates insisted on classic Cars
during our evening of cosmic exploration of the mind.
As the speakers belched distorted music,
Jake packed a bowl and then checked his nails for left-over grass.
Jeff's lighter turned the green plug red, making it swell like a river
as the water bong purred as gentle as a cat.

We all sat indian-style around the coffee table, while our cat
spit at Doug as he held her paws, dancing to the Cars.
I watched half-eyed as the dark rivers
of my body pumped the THC-tickle into my mind.
Soon the room turned dusty with clouds of grass
and felt polluted with laughter and music.

And that's when I longed for the noiseless music--
that of a starving bobcat
stalking whip-poor-wills through tall, dry grass.
When I went for my bike, they said it was dark, I was high, I'd get hit
by a car.
And though I agreed, it was too late--my body took authority of my mind,
and it wanted to see the river.

So I sped towards an isolated shore on the Olentangy River.
The February winds cracked chaotic music
in my ears and shaved raw unprotected knuckles, but I didn't mind.
I was leaving the hatred of man spoken in spit from a cat,
the pop-culture arrangements of the Cars,
the obnoxious side-effects of grass.

I left the sidewalk and set my bike down in frost-tinted grass.
Soon my breath caught the rhythm of moonlight glistening off the skin of
the river
and I noticed the highway across from me hum melodies of traveling cars.
It felt artificial, this leap to peace, until I began to sense the
natural spheres of music
close in like the cat
from the shadows of red spruce and sycamore, into my mind.

And the true nature of sound took root inside my mind.
The earth, my body, embraced by slender fingers of grass,
went beyond the image, the attitude, the cat
and mouse games. Under the presence of the river,
I experienced the absence of organized sound, the most spiritual of all
music:
Wind through paper trees, water across dimpled stone, earth massaged by
cars.

Peaceful as a lost and rusting car, content as a cat with
blood-caked chin, I sat in the grass and became the river,
my body and mind pouring into the night's music.

From "Genuflect," 1992

Rex Lott



black and white photography

9 x 11 inches

Zebra Teapot

Cynthia Chriss-Knochel



ceramic

8 x 7.5 x 5.25 inches

Childhood

Brian Chaffee

As a child you were invincible,
standing on the stains of grape-juice skirmishes
and hues of August tree-house memories.
Imagining your legions with the fervor of genius.
Saboteurs lurked behind every rose bush.
Water splattered against the last heat of
summer dripping down lazily
like chocolate ice cream from the tip of your chin.

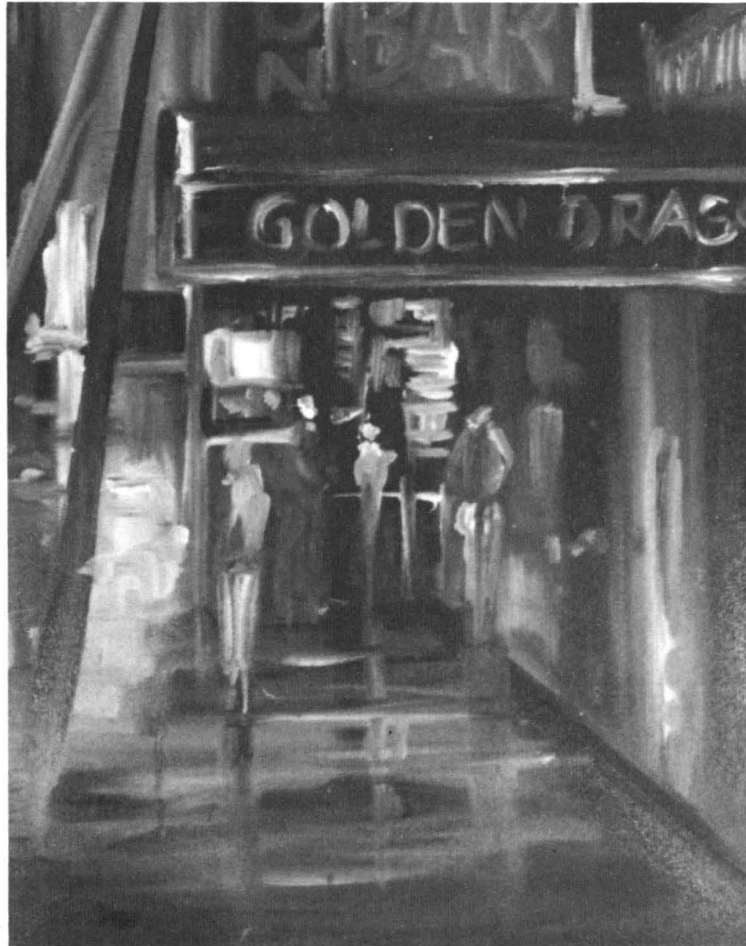
As a child you found joy in a toy
poodle, yipping at your feet; the smell of bacon;
mother's favorite record; your father
fixing the car or hammering shingles on the roof.

On one evening--vivid as sixty-four pastel colors--
and later than you were used to--
driving through the city: eyes ablaze with the smell
of perfume and motor oil: watching the endless spirals
of trash in the gutters: driving through the city
and remembering your favorite uncle
(who, wishing to be remembered fondly,
stepped into the same river twice
to stare at the sycamores
from beneath the cool sludge of moss)
and how he told you that to lose your childhood
was to lose hope: your parents argued all the way
home and for an hour after, loud enough to be
heard down the street.

Then
you knew;
you felt the screen door bang as
the sun went down behind your house.

Street Scene

Brian Elston

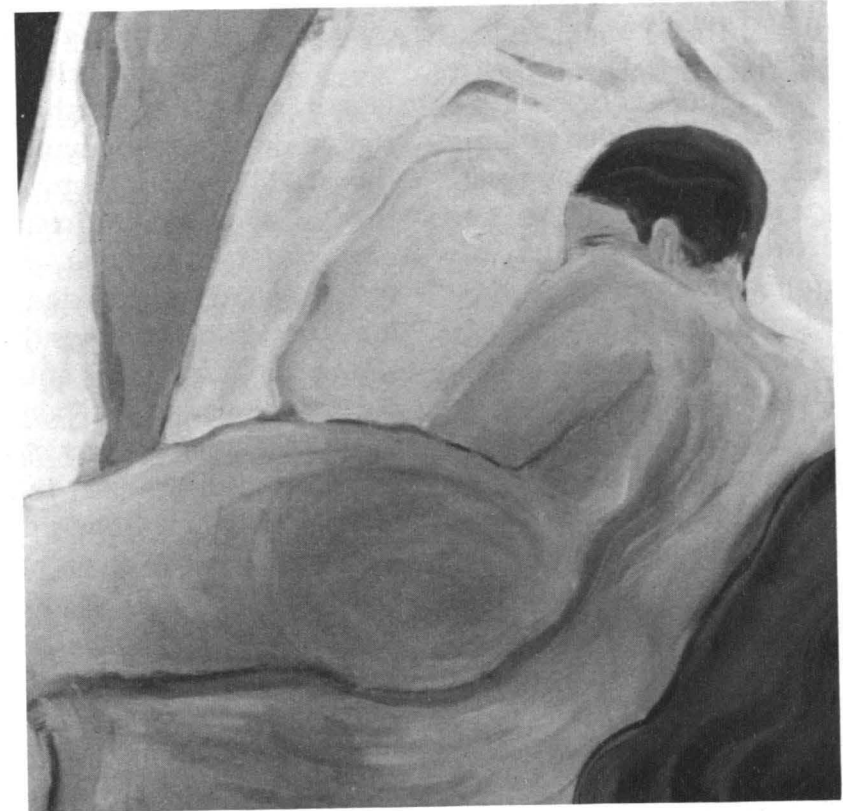


oil on canvas

14 x 18 inches

Untitled

Maria Efsic



oil

24 x 18 inches

The Afterlife

Towels®, as requested. Normally, Jale's ulcer would flare and he would rush to the medicine cabinet in the restroom and swallow half a dozen pills of various descriptions and prescriptions. Instead, he chuckled to himself. He had wrecked enough of his life dealing with crap. After nearly dying a year ago because of stress-induced sickness, he decided he had to do *something*. Red tape was swallowing him slowly, like a baby being gummed to death by an aging wolf.

Jale realized that no one would miss him. It didn't strike him as a particularly difficult fact. If someone else died, he would not miss them either. Sure, he wished he could have screwed Dega Malone a couple more times, but that was the extent of his attachment. He was not a family man; indeed, he was not certain what "family" meant. He had as much need to know the meaning of "family" as the reader needs to know "defenestration." Jale Leahy was an individually wrapped package, detached from all other packages of flesh.

Five o'clock arrived, Jale put

Parke Troutman

his suicide note in his first desk drawer and grabbed his fake identification from the false bottom of another drawer. He faxed the Sectional Headquar-

ters of Incinerated Trash a memo stating there was an abnormal influx at 3242B at 5:05 p.m.

He would be officially dead in a matter of minutes. He was free. He had transcended all the bureaucratic pathologies that had smothered him for his entire life. He was above society. Jale Leahy could no longer be convicted of a crime: he did not exist in police records; therefore, he could not be a suspect. He could whimsically embezzle or rob all the money he needed. He planned on spending the night in an empty apartment building on the North Side; then he would search for a more permanent residence.

Grinning for the first time in years, Jale stood up and turned to leave. As he put his hand on the door knob, the fax machine whined to life. Amused, he decided to have one last look. *Congratulations!* it said. His spring break plans - with 234-NBM-650P - for the week of April 12, 2119 had

been approved. Since it was 2127, Jale was not impressed. He laughed and left the office.

No more bureaucracies! No more thumb prints, retinal scans, posting in triplicate, run-arounds, misplaced files, crabby supervisors, etcetera! At a quarter past six o'clock, Jale logged onto a public computer in the town square (as Thomas Prode, who actually existed). Indeed, according to official records, Jale Leahy had croaked. He breathed a sigh of relief. He was half afraid that a clerk would err and his death notice would get lost under reams and RAM of red tape.

"Jale Leahy?" a voice asked.

Surprised, Jale turned around. A short, apologetic, rodential man was standing beside him, holding a computerized

clipboard. His face was very dense and wrinkled: all his facial features pointed towards his nose, making him look like a shrew.

"Deceased?" the man said, bringing his arm forward for a handshake and winking.

"Maybe," Jale said uneasily.

"I am Bob Gerht, a representative of the United Deceased Persons of the World. We have 50,000 members worldwide. Since you are officially dead, you have to join; otherwise, we will turn you in. Now, here is your membership card, with your identification number printed on the back. I need you to sign this form on this line. Make sure you press hard so it goes through the carbon paper. And then I'll need your thumb print right here..."

Insomnia

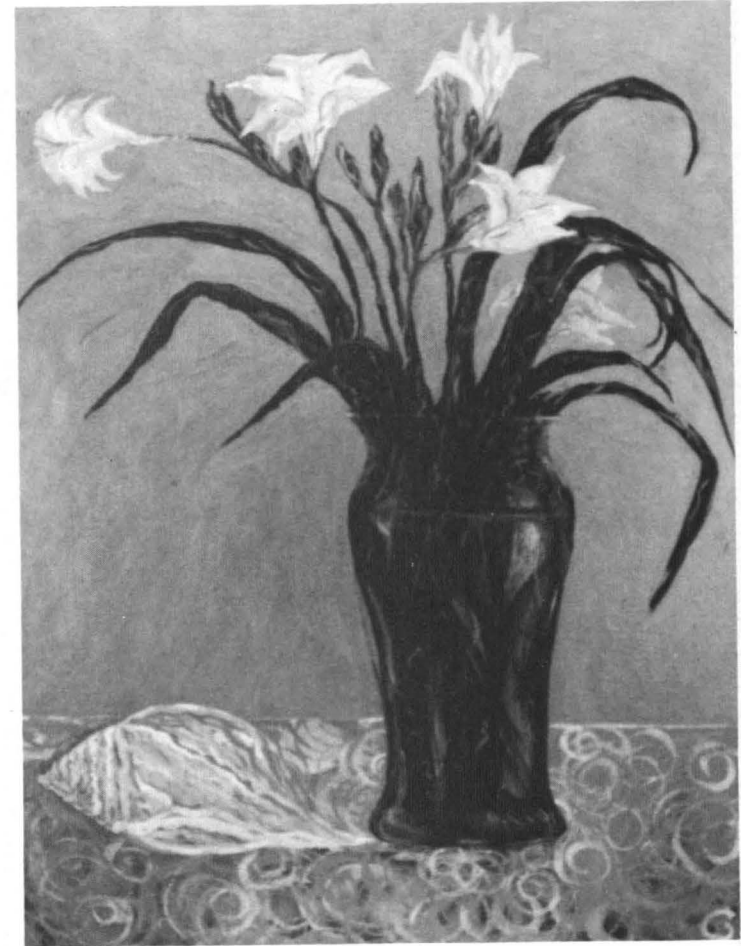
Maureen Duffy

I got that good old intellectual feeling in my bones
Drank it down with my coffee
(It cost a dollar eighty)
And I've been sitting here and smirking
I've been sitting all night long
Yeah, I bent down to tie my shoe
'Cause I don't like the looks of you
I got that pseudo-intellectual feeling in my bones

I got that good old intellectual feeling in my bones
Perused the one required text
(A Student's Guide To Pompousness)
And I've been sitting here and squinting
I've been sitting here all night long
Yeah, I'm that type all pale and wan
And what's more, a moral paragon
I got that good old intellectual feeling in my bones

Untitled

Maria Efsic

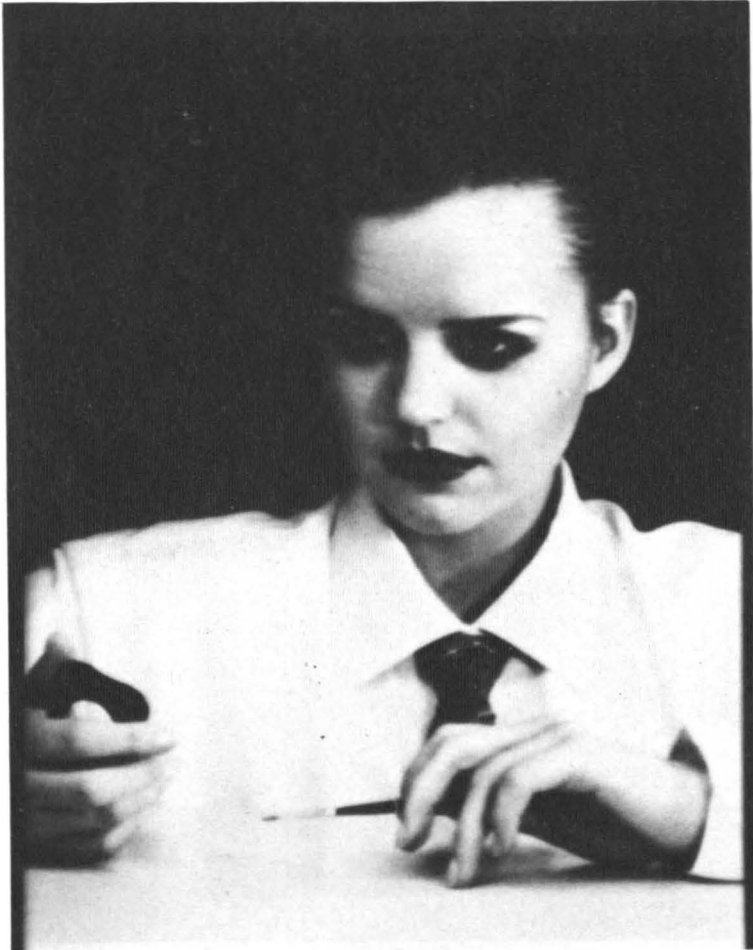


oil

24 x 24 inches

From "The Vanity Series," 1992

Rex Lott



color photography

8 x 10 inches

Gabrielle

Aaron G. Beebe

So long ago
when you'd
look,
on tiptoes,
for goodbye
embraces,
you'd offer
softpout lips
to gently
suck down
like shellfish
only
warmer.

Self Portrait

Bryan Rinnert

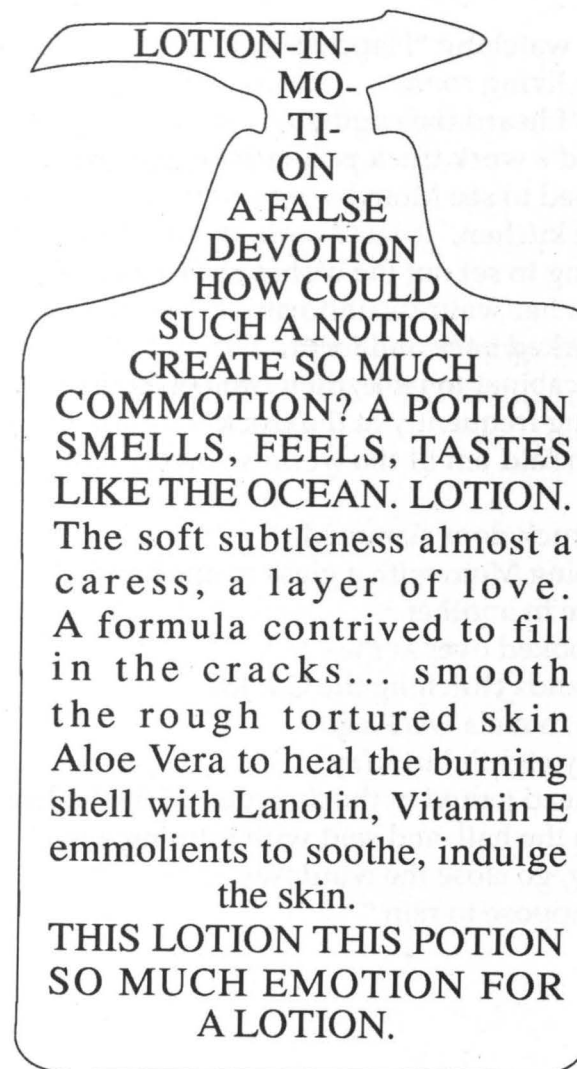


pen and inks

20 x 15 inches

Lubricated

Melissa Miller



Home After School

David Otting

I was watching "Happy Days"
in the living room
when I heard the engine
of Dad's work truck pull into the garage.
I turned to see Mom
in the kitchen,
starting to set out the dishes as fast as she could,
still in her waitress uniform.
She jerked back and forth
from cabinet to table, then cabinet again,
looking frequently at the clock
which said ten til six.

The truck door slammed,
stopping Mom with a glass in one hand,
a plate in another.
She looked over at me--
my hands clutching the G.I. Joe
given to me a week ago
for my eighth birthday.
Her head jerked in the direction of the bedrooms,
down the hall, and said with calming eyes,
"Baby, go close the windows.
It's suppose to rain."

I walked down the hallway
as Mom added quickly,
"You can watch your show in our room."
Pots echoed off the stove
as the front door opened,
and the bedroom door closed.

I turned the volume up
and forced myself to finish watching "Happy Days"
in the unmade bed of my parents,
while the sun burned
through closed windows.

Her and I

Bryan Rinnert



pen and inks

28 x 22 inches

Untitled

Jason Christian

Lips of rice paper
Dissolve beneath ink kisses;
A love letter read.

Still Life

Brian Elston



oil on canvas

18 x 24 inches

Southington Scene

Tina Daniel



pastel

34.5 x 24 inches

Found Poem (Fourteen)

Naomi Cubarrubia

Dear Naomi,

What should I do
about Nathan? I'm mad because
1) sometimes he acts like
he doesn't give a shit
about me, or doesn't even
want to talk

2) he acts more like he
likes Beth than me, but
I can't figure out if they're
just friends or what,

I would think
that he liked her but
he was one of the main people
who talked her into
going out with Dan,

which he wouldn't do if he liked her

3) he's never kissed me, said
he loved me, or anything like that,
however neither have I, & I read
in this astrology book

that capricorn guys (that's
his sign) are afraid of
making the first move
so maybe he is

& 4) he acts like his friends
are more important than I am,
and if they're not available,
than he'll talk to me. Well,
what do you think I should do?

Should I tell him that
I'm mad at him (I am
not really mad, actually
I guess I'm just sad).

I wonder if he knows I love him cuz
I've never told him, but even I'm
not sure if I'm going out with him
cuz I love him or if I love him cuz
I'm going out with him.

Write back please don't tell
anyone else about this. I don't
want him to get mad at me.

Always Plus With Wings

Amina Memory Cain

No one ever talks about bleeding.

It's just

"Oh, you're on your period. No wonder you were so bitchy last week."

The world is forgiving me, only I never asked for forgiveness.

Maybe when I have PMS it is the only time I am thinking clearly.

And when I say "fuck you" I mean it.

Because you trivialize my anger. Make it something biological, something I can't control.

And sell me little bottles of pills to regulate my hormones to the level you think they should be. I can't control myself so you do it for me.

The trouble is, I don't want to live in a bottle.

Outside it is snowing.

Inside I am bleeding.

"It's that time of the month." (It's that time of the month) is a pretty way to put it. But I'm not feeling pretty. So I take off my underwear and bleed all over the floor.

It is running out. It is running down my leg.

And I smear it inside your refrigerator, let it drip onto your bed.

Stop telling me I'm overemotional.

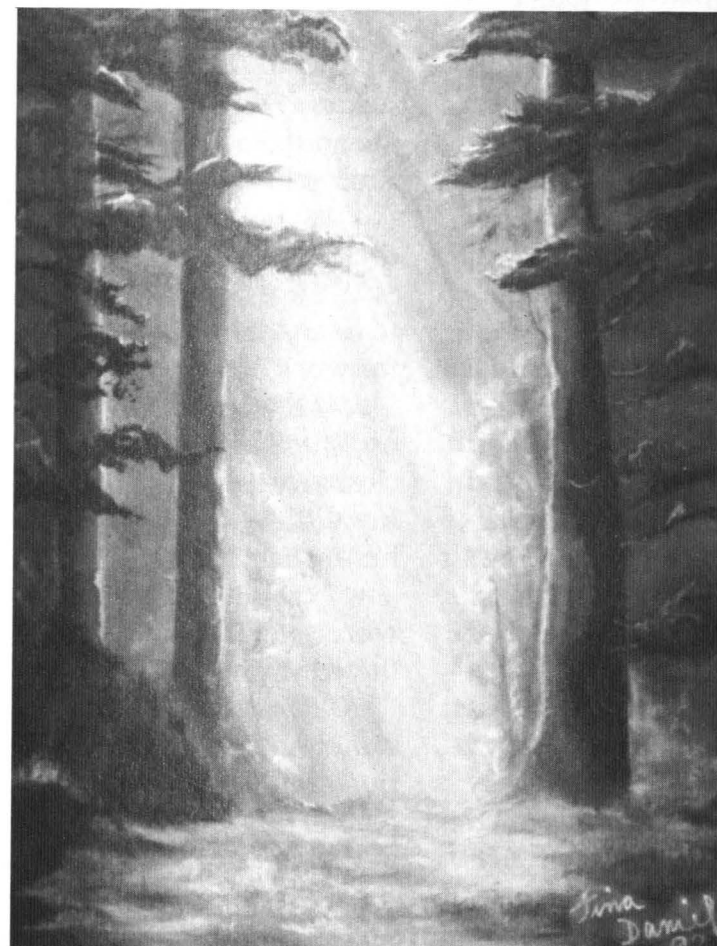
Stop excusing me in your head.

Stop watching "Beavis and Butthead" when I'm crying.

Stop killing me, making me dead.

Blue Forest

Tina Daniel



pastel

28 x 22 inches

The Royal Peacock

Bert sat in the courtyard listening to the clip-clop of the red tourist wagon that was crossing Burgundy Street. The steady beat of the horse was interrupted by her mother's high-pitched shrieks aimed at her way-faring lover, Lou.

"If you can't treat me as anything but your personal sea wench then you can dry dock your dick someplace else," June screamed from the upstairs bedroom.

Bert fidgeted in the iron lawnchair. She had crept onto their shared patio knowing she should give them full reign of the apartment. But she forgot to grab a pack of Menthols or a few wadded up ones from her dresser. Even for late November the morning air felt like glue in the Quarter. Bert needed a cigarette and she needed to change out of her heavy grey sweats. She should have expected this morning spat. Lou was sailing for New York in two days. Bert's internal clock must be slow.

"Maybe if you didn't flirt with leering old men in front of me, I'd stay longer," Lou said to June.

June's short, spiky blond head and her sticky-Liza-Minelli-eyes

Jennifer
Poleon

appeared on the balcony just before Lou's weekly vase of dyed lavender lilies crashed onto the brick patio ten feet from their neighbor Wayne's motor scooter. The bruised, purple petals and shards of glass scattered everywhere.

Wayne opened his door dressed in a hot pink silk kimono.

"Sugar. You tell your mama to clean this mess up before I leave for work," he said to Bert.

"How come you're working on Thanksgiving? Even June is closing her shop today," Bert asked, her voice sounding as scratchy as her mother's normally did.

Wayne looked at her as if she were ten years old and still believed she had a father.

"Please. The tourists crawl into the store to buy that Jazz Fest poster for cousin Fred or that feather mask for Aunt Harriet, no matter what day it is," said Wayne.

Bert felt the sun scorching the top of her head. Wayne was in a nasty mood. He must be alone this morning, she thought. Her mother's giggle from upstairs meant Bert should be able to turn the air conditioning on and get her

Salem Lights.

"We've got too much to do today to worry about tourists whining about a closed sign," Bert said. Any excuse to avoid the scent of gardenias and the frilly, costumelike atmosphere of the hat shop was fine with Bert these days. Her admiration was waning for the way June had built up the The Royal Peacock after her father left.

"Dear me. I forgot. Happy Birthday. I'll send Dirk over with a card from the shop," Wayne said almost honestly.

"You know I hate birthdays. Spare Dirk the trouble," Bert said to Wayne as he closed his door.

Bert didn't approve of gifts on birthdays. Better to surprise someone on Tuesday with a book you knew they'd been searching for. She rarely had anyone to give such a book to. Her workers in the kitchen at the hotel thought she was a little strange ever since she had given them a lecture entitled "Parsley is our Friend". None of them would be reading the latest Stephen King or Toni Morrison. The older men she slept with weren't worth the effort. Her oldest friend Anne was on a perpetual march to free the owls or save the seals, so Bert was lucky to hear

from her once a year. That left June, and she still got mad when there wasn't a pastel wrapped box from Bert sitting on the dining room table on her birthday.

Bert stepped over the broken vase and went back into her own apartment. The hum of the air conditioner hermetically sealed the flat again. Bert changed into her oldest t-shirt and shorts before lighting up a Menthol. She had to bake twenty sweet potato pies yet today, so she didn't care if June wanted her to look more ladylike. The white cotton dresses Bert found on her bed weren't subtle hints, even for June.

Bert saw the remains of the vase through the window and realized she should sweep them up. She bent to clean up the broken petals and glass as if she were guiding her mother's stumbling body home from the bar at night.

"Sorry baby. I didn't mean to create such a mess. And I wanted to fetch beignets and coffee today for your birthday. Poor Roberta," June said as she looked down from the iron balcony.

Yeah right, Bert thought. I always go to Cafe du Monde.

"There's no time for that today. If you want to maintain your

mythical status then maybe you can help me peel potatoes," Bert said.

Miss June was a legend in the Quarter. Eyes followed her purple clad body and blond head down Royal and Bourbon and St. Louis Streets and wondered what she might do next. Anticipation was high this year for her Thanksgiving feast at the *DejaVu* bar, that anyone off the street was invited to. June took all the credit, but Bert was the real organizer behind the event. Except for Bert's presents, that is.

Please let this year be different, Bert thought as she threw away the flowers and glass. No stupid, tradition bound gifts or Mint Julep toasts.

"Sure baby. Just let me shower and find my outfit," June said.

Bert knew not to wait, so she tackled the mound of potatoes with the determined mind of a solitary gravedigger. Bert had disposed of the orange peelings and cooked most of the pies by the time June found her way to the kitchen.

"What can I do?" she asked.

Bert's back was facing June as she let her anger remain near her temples.

"Just take Lou and go ahead

to *DejaVu*," Bert said.

June's breath hit Bert's forehead and flew up her nostrils as she kissed her goodbye. "O.K. Roberta. We'll see you there," June said.

Bert was alone again. She called the caterer to make sure they had delivered the rest of the feast to the bar. June hadn't commented on Bert's attire, but Bert thought she should at least wear chinos and an oxford.

After she dragged the cart from the basement, Bert loaded the sticky pies onto it and started wheeling it down Burgundy Street. The wheels shrieked and sputtered every few feet, but Bert only pushed harder. She wheeled the cart around the corner and stopped in front of *DejaVu*'s tacky plastic stripped doorway.

She lifted the strips out of her way and thrust the cart into the bar. June was presiding over the assortment of tattered homeless, neon gays, and sallow-faced drunks, in a purple cape and a tall, white chef's hat. She was the center of everyone's attention, including Bert's.

June leaned over the pool table trying to keep her hat on as she attempted a shot.

"Now I bet y'all that I can make this," June said, turning to include all of the men in her gaze.

She's going to sink the eight-ball again, Bert thought.

Amid the nay-saying and drunken innuendoes, June lined up her shot. The cue ball headed straight for the black eight and pushed it into the pocket.

"Well, that was just a fluke. I can't believe I did that," June protested. Then she noticed Bert.

"Look, baby. I remembered your present," June said as she pointed to the floral print box at the end of the bar.

Bert's temples constricted when she saw them sitting next to one of the turkeys. She had no idea what she was going to do with a pink velour jogging suit or a ceramic replica of Scarlet O'Hara. She looked at her mother's inappropriately dark eyeliner and could smell June's scent of gardenia and alcohol.

June put the box in Bert's hands.

"Open it before we carve the turkey and ham," June said.

Bert put it back on the counter. It didn't matter what was in the box. June wouldn't ever change.

"Let's wait until later," Bert said.

Bert stayed at the feast until she could get away unnoticed. Then she took the twenty-five-cent trolley ride up to St. Charles to the Garden District. The pinks, greens, and yellows of the French Quarter faded away as Bert escaped to the sounds of zydeco and danced on the bare wooden floor of the Maple Leaf for one last time. Her body rejoiced in anticipated freedom from the feathers and swaying of the south.

Bert left a note for June. She didn't want to see the look of bewilderment come over June's face. She didn't want to watch the pride win control over them both as neither one of them asked who would steer June home at night, or who would bolster her during Mardi Gras? Who would get beignets in the morning or make sure June got up in time to open the shop? Bert took her savings and left, hoping that maybe June would grow up.

Recognition Of Pigeon

Aimee Nezhukumatathil

Like a spiral wire twisted into her leg
him reaches for she necks turn as one
remorse and ecstasy in tune with long winded
pathways leading to that white house known for its huge light-up
Santa they place on their roof each year
shall I wait for some pigeons and perhaps you to pass by?
before the call before the humdrum streets breathe life into my
veins
new york city is where he be
the hole of heartache. death. art.
how quaint.
the pavement pounded by uncertain footsteps sidestepping reckless
taxis and their tribulations
humdrum new York city. it don't seem to sound right
but you got to believe doors and streets and long
winded dirt trails don't always lead to some bench. nothing does,
except for pigeons--
maybe.

Bicycle

Rachel Papo

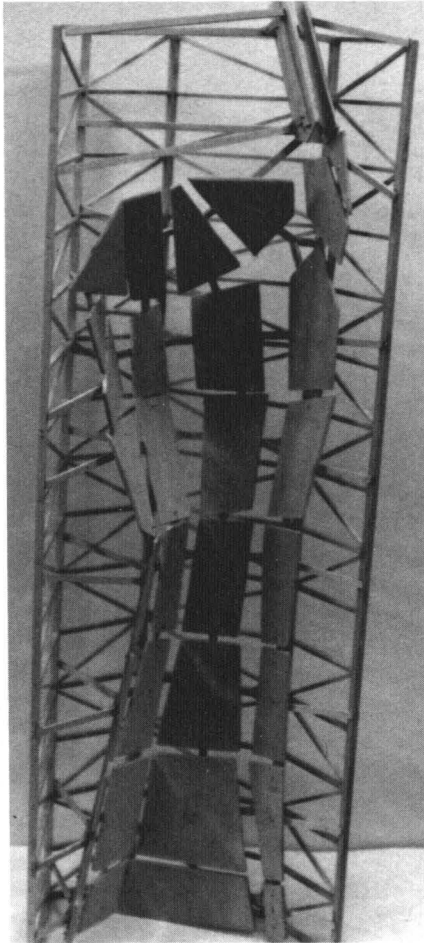


black and white photograph

6.5 x 7.5 inches

Broken Arm

Terence Oden



sewing pins and basswood

Born Again

Tonya Johnson

The second birth hurts more
than the first. Transparent
drop masquerades as a star burst-
s across the face
only faintly heard.
Mental contractions pulse
until the pain ceases
to exist in this
place yet continue somewhere
else and when the sun
sets and the squinting is over in
another reality it is only
beginning
here.

Death Song

Jung Kim



pencil drawing

9.5 x 12.5 inches

Haiku

Amina
Memory
Cain

Yanna is leaving Henry. For the fourth time. Outside it is raining and inside his room the television flickers in and out leaving patterns on their skin.

Yanna can feel the texture of his blue blanket on her legs, can hear Henry's mother coughing downstairs. Even though it is summer, she keeps herself covered. The TV is turned down-- they are watching Laverne and Shirley reruns in silence. In an hour he will go. He works the door at Luigi's Bar down the street.

Yanna wants to threaten Henry, tell him what will happen if he ever sics his narcissist self on her again. She is tired of his ego, can't believe he slept with someone else. He is always trying to hurt her, just like she is always trying to hurt him. It's a never ending cycle. Instead of making each other happy, they make each other sad.

"Are you thinking about how much you hate me?" he asks.

Yanna focuses her eyes on a telephone pole outside of his window. It seems to float before them in the gray, barren sky.

"Yes ," she says slowly, and

then she sighs. She hadn't wanted to tell him like that, in one short word and then silence.

His guitar is propped up against a

wall in the corner. Yanna can not think of one reason not to break it. Instead she cuts the strings because the scissors are lying right there on the floor.

"This guitar is your life, isn't it Henry? You always thought you were such a rock star."

Henry's eyes are angry. "Now you can buy me new strings."

"You think so, huh. You really think I'm going to do that?" They both know that she won't.

"I'm sorry," he says.

It doesn't matter anymore. She is tired of I'm sorry. She wants to crucify him. She wants to nail him to the wall.

"You said that I was a part of you, that sometimes you could feel me deep inside of you, even when I wasn't there. You just gave that to someone else. How could you do that to me Henry? Did you even think of me when you were taking off your clothes? Did you remember my name? Or was it

difficult at that point to see past your erection?"

They are far apart now. Henry is on the other side of the room. Yanna thinks to herself that it is very symbolic.

"Yanna, I don't know what to say to you. I just wanted to tell you. I wanted to be honest. I didn't think you'd act this way."

"No, you wanted to screw someone else and now you want your obedient little girlfriend to accept it, to tell you that everything is okay to ease your shitty conscience. I'm sorry Henry, but I'm much stronger than that."

There are clothes all over the floor. Yanna can't seem to go anywhere without stepping on something.

"Look, I can fix everything--all of this stuff that has happened between us."

Yanna smiles. He is always trying to rescue her, but she wants to rescue herself.

"Henry, you are so dumb. And you're dull too. No wonder you wanted to put a little excitement into your life."

Now it is raining even harder. Someone is running across the street with a broken umbrella. Neither Yanna nor Henry know

what to say. He is trying to tell her with his eyes, but it's been a long time since she has been able to read the words within them. She is tired of reading his mind.

"I don't even know why I did it."

"I do," she says.

Yanna thinks that Henry would screw himself if he could do it.

It has stopped raining, and the alley behind Henry's house is silent and still. Yanna has to light a cigarette to break this silence, and then she feels guilty because it is all over, and because she is smoking. She only smokes when she is leaving Henry, or when he is leaving her.

A certain peace comes with taking over an alley at 2 A.M. and feeling that it is your own. She is alone, and it feels as good as it feels bad. As she smokes she remembers their first kiss. They were at a party, locked up in a small bathroom, pressed up against the wall. Outside the door their friends had been laughing and yelling to let them in, but Yanna had gotten to the point where she couldn't hear them at all. The only thing she could hear was the two of them,

and their breathing.

She remembers their first fuck too, because that's all it was. The relationship had lost its innocence. He wanted her because she looked good in a short skirt and she wanted him... well why did she want him? As he pushed her head down between his legs he said eleven words.

"This is what it means when I say I love you."

She had gotten angry, and he swore that it was only a joke. Now she wonders.

Yanna thinks about ancient Chinese mothers who forced their daughters to bind their feet and stuff them into small slippers to please old Chinese men. She had thought of it then, and she thinks long and hard on it now. Then on her own mother who taught her to wash the dishes, mop the floor, become a girl.

She can feel changes as if they are flowing through her veins. How she once was weak and is now growing strong. Life without Henry. It is going to be good for her.

At Brown Publishing the next morning Yanna is moody and everything everyone says strikes

something in her.

"Everybody here in New York City is wasting away, even yourself," she says, daring someone to hear her. No one does.

She wants to tell them that there is more to life than a job.. More to life than being an entry level publishing assistant like she is, but no one will listen. They are filling their cups with coffee, paper-clipping themselves to the wall. They are so gone, she thinks, they can't think for themselves at all.

"Do you really feel that close to corporate America? Do you really like your jobs?" Only the sound of electric typewriters answers back. Computer monitors give her a dull stare.

Yanna can hear a boss yelling at his secretary, can see the row of cubicles stretch to the sky. Bob is asleep, drooling on his rolodex and Cindy is gossiping with Katherine and Kim about who she saw Sheila out with last night. Yanna wonders if they ever gossip about her.

In her own cubicle, she thinks about Laura. It has been a long time since they have talked. In the area of sisterhood, Yanna has been lacking. She spent too much time with Henry instead. So she makes

a mental note to call Laura, and then she walks out. Yanna is so through with Brown Publishing, she can taste it.

The street is loud and crowded with people. Yanna watches them as they walk. At the intersection an old man asks her for change, and she feels guilty because she doesn't give him any. She can't even look at him, she stares at the sidewalk instead. She doesn't even tell him no.

Yanna calls off sick the next day, and the day after that. She leaves. Gets into her car and drives. Drives so far she gets lost. Lost. But exactly where she wants to be.

She stops her car in front of an old church and sits inside it for hours. It makes her think about God. Very quietly, she begins to sing an old hymn she learned when she was little. It has been a long time since she has been to church, she can't even remember when she stopped going. Maybe it was when she started doubting what she thought she had believed, maybe it was when her mother stopped making her attend.

People come out of the building, pull on their coats and drive away. So Yanna gets out of her car

and walks toward the old place. It has stained glass windows, and one of them is busted out. Instead of pretty windows, it has boards.

The door is unlocked and Yanna slips inside. It is dark. All she can see are candles and a few people kneeling on the floor. To her, they are only shadows. She feels awkward and comfortable, both at the same time.

A man walks towards her and Yanna steps to the side so that he won't see her. He does anyway, and she feels foolish. He looks at her and smiles.

"Are you here to pick up Mrs. Murphy? Are you her daughter?"

His hair is gray, and he is balding. He reminds her of her grandfather.

"No," she says softly. She wonders what it would be like to be the daughter of Mrs. Murphy, wonders if she would love her more than she loves her own mother.

"Well, can I help you with something then?"

"I don't know. Could you?"

He doesn't understand what she is saying and neither does she.

"I'm sorry," she says.

All she can do is turn around and leave.

Then it is autumn. The days grow shorter and the air turns cold. Yanna has decided to definitely quit her job and go back to school. Because it is her mother's birthday Yanna goes home-- to the house that she grew up in and the place where she was born. Her brother is almost all grown up now and he is starting to like boys, which is something that bothers her parents.

"Are you okay, Yanna?" her mother keeps asking. "You never come to visit us anymore. You're so quiet."

You never. You are. All of her mother's sentences start like this. Yanna is suffocating, but she answers her mother's questions because it is true, she hasn't visited for months even though they live in the same city.

"Mom, I'm fine. Don't worry about me so much. I'm twenty-three now, remember? I know how to take care of myself."

"How is Henry? Is he still going to England in the spring?"

The sound of his name annoys Yanna. She is in no mood to explain things to her mother.

"How should I know? We're not connected at the hip, Mom.

Can't we ever talk about me without having to mention him in the same sentence?"

"It was just a question Yanna."

Everything she ever says ends in a question, but Yanna doesn't say this, because she doesn't want to fight. Especially on her mother's birthday. She would hold it against her forever-- bring it up once a year.

"He's fine, I'm sorry. I'm fine. Everyone is fine."

Yanna escapes to the steps outside. The leaves are falling everywhere, sticking to her coat and her hair. She thinks about her family and tries to remember when it all went wrong. The answers don't come, and she can't even fully form the questions. Everyone is so unaccepting of everyone else. Her parents can't accept her or her brother, they can't even accept each other. Her brother seems scared of Yanna. He is so used to the strong, homophobic presence of their parents that he can't trust anyone else.

When it is time to go, Yanna's father motions her inside without talking. This year they are going to the opera. It is a birthday present from Yanna's father to her mother, a present that Yanna is not sure she even wanted. But her parents

are past the point of talking. All Yanna got her was a small, beaded purse. Her mother picked it up at Macy's and Yanna paid her back.

In the theatre, the whole family is tense. They sit together in a stupid silence. There are rows of people ahead of them and then the whole thing begins. A man is rescuing a woman from another man who is evil, and while the woman waits on the side of the stage the men sweat it out. Yanna wonders why women can never rescue other women, why it is always men. When she leans over to ask her mother, she sounds annoyed.

"Because a woman wouldn't be strong enough to do that, Yanna. She wouldn't be strong enough at all."

A few days later, Yanna runs into Henry in the city and there is nothing but distance between them. She doesn't even try to make things comfortable. There is a certain comfort in the awkwardness itself.

She wants to tell him that she is alright, that it will take more than a conceited boyfriend to break her, but he doesn't ask so she doesn't tell him. Instead he says,

"What's new?"

"What's new" is a hell of a question to ask someone you once cared about, Yanna thinks, someone you once loved. She clears her throat and then answers.

"Well, I went back to school. That's new. I'm studying film."

"Are you going to do a documentary on angry women? Women who are pissed off at lazy men?"

To show him that she still has a sense of humor she smiles, because it is kind of funny and if she ever does decide to do it, it would have been him that gave her the idea.

"Yeah, I am. Would you like to be in it? I could film you letting your mother clean your room in the house you still live in with her."

And since he has a sense of humor, he smiles too.

"What about you Henry," she asks. "What have you been doing?"

"Nothing really. I was on my way to this new place. New coffee house to do some reading."

"What, science fiction?"

It feels sort of good to Yanna to mock him. It allows her to keep up her guard.

"No, you'd be proud of me. I'm going to be pretentious and read Jack Kerouac. I'm sure everyone else there will be reading him too."

"Well, he was a little sexist but he was a great writer."

For a minute, they almost seem to be friends, but then Yanna remembers-- him in the dark with someone else, his lies. She is thinking of reasons why she has to leave, making up places that she has to go.

"Look, Yanna. I know I'm the last person you want to see. And, I know that you don't want to hear this, that I've said it before, but I'm sorry."

The street lights come on and in front of them someone has begun preaching. It has been a long time since Yanna has heard a sermon. The words seem far away and odd. No one is stopping to listen. The woman is throwing bibles in the sky. It reminds Yanna of the church where she stopped and sat for hours. She feels the same kind of confusion again.

"I'm not saying this to try to get you back," he continues. "I'm not sure we're even so good for each other. I just want you to know that I made a mistake."

His black hair is blowing around in the wind. It is so close that Yanna could touch it.

"Yeah Henry, you're right. I don't want to hear this, okay? I don't need to hear your confessions."

"Yanna, I don't want you to hate me. I want us to be friends. Can that happen. Are you going to forgive me?"

Yanna stares at the woman preaching. She doesn't want to look at Henry's eyes.

"I don't know the answer to that right now. How can you expect me to? We're standing in the middle of the city and I'm supposed to decide in two quick seconds if you're really worth all this."

It is getting darker and Yanna is fumbling to find her keys.

"Forget it Yanna. Jesus."

"Yeah, okay. We'll just forget it."

"No, I don't want to forget it."

Yanna is used to Henry saying rash things and then taking them back.

"Henry, listen. Maybe you should have thought about all this before. You did what you did and it's not easy to let go of. And I can't just let go of it to make you feel better about what you did."

"I know, Yanna. I know."

When Yanna finally gets up the nerve to call Laura, no one answers the phone. It is her own fault for waiting to call so long in the first place. It is her own fault for letting the friendship slide right by her.

As soon as she hangs up the receiver, it rings. It is her mother on the other line and Yanna is caught by surprise. She usually lets the machine get it so that she can screen her mother out. Because of that, they talk on the phone about as much as they talk in person.

The kitchen is dark and Yanna slides down the wall to the floor. She knows that she will be there for a while.

Her mother is asking how she is, if she is staying warm, if she has tried that new laundry detergent, etc. The sort of things that mothers ask, Yanna thinks, when they are afraid of asking something real.

It isn't that Yanna doesn't want to have a relationship with her mother. It's just that she can't have one on her mother's terms. If she did, she would be over at her house

every week gossiping, exchanging recipes and makeup tips. They would be best friends.

"Would you and Henry like to come over next weekend to play Trivial Pursuit?"

"No, Mom. I don't think so. Thanks for asking though."

"Do you have other plans?"

"Not exactly. I mean, Henry might."

She is still not ready to tell her mother about Henry. So she tries to avoid the subject like she did before.

"Have you two thought anymore about marriage? You would be a lot more stable if you were married, Yanna."

"No, of course not. I want to make it on my own. I don't need some guy to make my life stable. I can usually count on a guy to make my life unstable."

Yanna's mother has stopped talking. Everything Yanna is saying to her probably sounds completely foreign, so Yanna tries to find some common ground.

"Are you still heading that campaign to save the old buildings in the city?"

But her mother is still stuck on marriage.

"Well, do you think you'll ever

get married at all? I can't really count on your brother to get married."

"Why, because he's queer? Maybe he'll marry another guy. But I guess that wouldn't really be marriage to you. Why does it matter if I get married anyway? I don't want to be a housewife all my life. I want to make films."

"Yes, and your dad and I are kind of concerned about that too. It seems to me that you gave up a pretty good job to just go off to film school. Maybe it's just a phase?"

The heater kicks on and Yanna moves to the vent on the wall. The warmth feels good on her back.

"No, it's not passing. I've wanted to do it for a very long time. I was just brainwashed to think that I couldn't do it, so I took some half-ass job at a publishing house. I'm finally doing what I want to do. I'm finally happy. Can you understand that Mom?"

Yanna wonders if mothers can ever understand anything at all.

"To be honest, no. I think it's very foolish. And, I think you should re-evaluate your views on marriage. You and Henry--"

Yanna knows that she can not avoid the subject any longer.

"Mom, listen to me. There is

no me and Henry anymore. We're not together. So I cannot re-evaluate a thing, which I would not do even if we were still together."

"Oh, honey. I'm so sorry. Well no wonder you're feeling this way. What happened?"

"Mom, are you even listening to me? I don't need to be with Henry or any other guy to feel whole. Sometimes things happen and people decide that they just can't be together. Losing Henry doesn't have a thing to do with how I feel about marriage right now."

"Yanna, what did he do? You know that you can always talk to me."

"Okay, Mom. You want to know what happened? Henry fucked someone else. He came inside her."

Yanna can hear someone open their door in the apartment next door, and her mother's soft breathing.

Yanna is lighting Japanese lanterns. It is winter now, almost Christmas, and the wind knocks against her windows and pushes through the cracks. Two days ago she painted the living room red.

Yanna picks up her camera

and films women walking out of the YWCA across the street. She tries to get the expressions on their faces and how they relate to each other in the frame. She is making a documentary like Henry said, but not about lazy men. She wants to make something beautiful, wants to make it out of what she feels. She is making a film about the lives of different women.

She sees someone who looks like Laura and opens the window to call her name. But the person doesn't answer and disappears around the corner into the busy street. Yanna wonders if she is still waitressing at the Middle Eastern restaurant and if she is still writing.

There is a knock at the door and Yanna answers. She knows that it will either be her mother or Henry. It is Henry, and he is looking at Yanna as if she is his mother, as if he needs to be nurtured.

"Yanna." He utters her name like that, says nothing else.

"Henry." She mocks him just like she is used to. "Can I help you with something?"

"I just thought I'd stop by. Can I come in?"

He has snow all over his coat. It is melting and dripping down

onto the floor.

"Sure."

He sits on the floor under the window and stares at the walls. Yanna thinks that he seems small. Maybe a little bit human. She realizes how sorry he might really be.

"I like this," he says. "The red walls."

"Me too. So, were you headed somewhere and my place was on the way, or what? I think that's what you're supposed to say in this kind of situation."

"Yeah," he says. And then, "No. I miss you."

Yanna is afraid to hear those words. She wants to stay strong.

"Sometimes I miss you too, Henry. That's all part of losing a friend."

"So we're losing each other, then?"

Yanna looks at a crack in her wall, a crack that is now red.

"I think we lost each other a long time ago Henry, don't you?"

"I'm sorry Yanna, you know that?"

Yanna does know it, she also knows that it is time to forgive.

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry too. I know a lot of things that happened between us... well, I just know I was responsible too. I just got so

mad at you sometimes. You can be such a guy."

"Well, you can be very critical."

She remembers cutting the strings to his guitar.

"I know, Henry. I just apologized. See, we can't get along even when we try. Already we are getting angry."

"Come here," he says.

Yanna wants to stay as far away as she can. Just like before,

she crosses to the other side of the room.

"What?"

"Come here."

Yanna stares at Henry, looks him in the eye. She is almost in the kitchen now. She has forgiven him but she can't go back.

"No, Henry. I need to stay here."

She has come too far for this. She has come too far.

Winner of the Albert J. Kuhn Award for Excellence in Writing, fiction, 1994

Growing-up South Side

Laura E. Walton

As we swing
playground

on the blacktop

I fly high
higher that I
can stand

u
p
s
t
r
a
i
g
n
t

spit-shined
for Sunday school.

Air in my hair-
a curly wool cap
hiding grammy's
Gospel hour
from a scratchy radio
speaker-
Summer evenings.

Daddy's Old Crow breath
was a draft in the tiny room-
yellow walls, peeling the years.
My lullaby was a hum-
ming radiator.
We huddled together for
ever, for warmth,
for night

The trickle of coffee perking
and of newspapers delivering truth
taps at my eye lids.

I give you the finger
tip of the sun.

Biographies

Aaron G. Beebe

A senior in Studio Art. I'm an art student searching for a medium. I'm looking for some kind of subtlety in my work. I also like to cook.

Melanie Candace Black

I started my college education at Columbus College of Art & Design with a scholarship and transferred to OSU about a year ago. Sculpture is my emphasis.

Amina Memory Cain

A junior in Women's Studies with a minor in Theatre. I enjoy reading, music and being outdoors. I'm a completely nostalgic person.

Brian Chaffee

A first-year student majoring in English. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Chaffee, he was raised on a steady diet of soy milk and existentialism. His favorite hobby is watching re-runs of the Muppet Show in Chinese (even though he doesn't know the language).

Cynthia Chriss-Knochel

A Fine Arts major, she took time off from school to dance professionally for five years. Now in her third year at OSU, Cynthia is often seen traveling around campus on her Metroblades.

Jason Christian

A senior in English. I am a pretentious writer who dabbles in smoking jackets, chess and political correctness. My turn-ons include food, clothing and shelter. I also have the world's second known case of totally uncombable hair.

Naomi Cubarrubia

A senior in Sociology. Rene Magritte once said, "The only thing that engages me is the mystery of the world." I like that, but squirrels are neat too.

Tina Daniel

I'm a freshman and undecided on my major. Art is a hobby, and I mostly do nature scenes (and love nature). Another interest is music - voice and piano.

Benjy Davies

A senior in Fine Arts who is minoring in Arabic. He is co-founder of Raised by Wolves Press, a non-profit alternative publishing house. Future plans include sleeping in, sinking the eight ball on the break and writing his autobiography.

Maureen Duffy

A senior in International Studies and Portuguese. When I'm not working, going to class or pursuing my active social life, I spend most of my time feeling guilty about making fun of people.

Maria Efsic

I want to thank my mother and my sister for encouraging me to do artwork. I've attended CCAD and OSU.

Brian Elston

A junior in product design. My plans are to pursue a career in animation and design. Regarding my art: "Expressions and impressions of the world around me and my emotions towards them."

Tonya Johnson

A senior in Psychology and Women's Studies. To all my present and former roommates, especially Debbie who is not graduating: energy up!

Jung Kim

I'm a Zoology major, and I draw because I have yet to find a creative outlet through the sciences.

V. Lakshmanan

A first-year student in Biomedical Engineering. I was born in India, and I grew up in Africa. I started learning English by writing.

Rex Lott

I am graduating in September with a degree in Photography from OSU. When I grow up, I want to do art fashion photography for a living.

Tricia Lunt

A junior majoring in English. I'm oversensitive. I'm addicted to meaningless movie trivia. I cry too much; I laugh too loud.

Melissa Miller

A senior in English with minors in French and Communications. I am an independent woman, a student, a server, a thinker, a music lover, a reader, a videographer, a deadhead, a nature lover, a visionary and somewhere in between all of those adjectives lives a poet.

Aimee Nezhukumatathil

A sophomore in Engineering, she loves the color red and draws upon Diana Vreeland's quote, "I can't imagine ever becoming bored with red - it would be like becoming bored with the person you love."

Terence Oden

I am a senior from Cleveland majoring in Architecture. I intend to earn a Masters in Architecture. About my art: "Thinking and talking about it are further from the truth."

David Otting

A third-year English major. I'm from Greenhills, Ohio. I came to OSU looking for film, but fell into poetry instead. My hobby is music - playing percussion.

Rachel Papo

Long before I started dealing with art, I used to knit sweaters. One time, I made a really beautiful one, and I said to myself, "Woman, you should be an artist!"

Jennifer Poleon

A senior in History and English. I plan to pursue my MFA upon graduation. My writing explores the cross-cultural differences between individuals.

Jacqueline Popchevski

A third-year student in sculpture. Life's wonderful for an artist, especially one that loves natural found objects.

Arathi S. Rao

A senior in English with a minor in Women's Studies. My parents left India and came to America 20 years ago. I was born in this country. The idea of India creates a longing in me. I guess we're all looking for home.

Bryan Rinnert

A freshman in Industrial Design. I was inspired by Salvador Dali and M.C. Escher. I enjoy music and art.

Parke Troutman

A junior in Sociology. I wrote "Afterlife" in high school. It is the result of stumbling across Frederick Brown's fiction and reading too much existentialism. I would like to dedicate it to Pam and Ken.

Laura E. Walton

A senior in Honors Political Science with a minor in English. It is each person's moral duty to take a stand for things that are right. I have no use for those who choose not to do so. That action alone defines an individual's worth to me.

Amanda Warren

A freshman in Classical Archaeology from Columbus. I love poetry; I hate poets. I hope I don't sound pretentious.

Friends of *Mosaic* is a program for students, faculty and friends to express support for the magazine. By giving donations, individuals and organizations have helped make possible things such as the *Mosaic's* large circulation and events such as the Art show and poetry readings that are held throughout the year. The editorial staff would like to express sincere thanks to our Friends of *Mosaic*.

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Literature submissions, including poetry and short fiction, must be typed and should not contain any personal information (name, address, etc.) on the pieces themselves. Literature submissions will not be returned. Original works of art are accepted, as well as slide or photographic reproductions of works that are not transportable or of high value. All original artwork will be returned.

All submissions must include a title sheet listing the titles of piece(s), name, address and telephone number. Limit five submissions in art or literature.

Send submissions to:

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Deadline for submissions traditionally falls in mid-February, but is subject to change at the discretion of the editorial board.

